RESCUE OF A LOST CHILD. SHORTI'S REMINISCENCE OF HIS TRAMP WITH COXES.

The Blue-Gum Negro With the White Boy folces in Statuary Hall at the Capitol Queer Incident That Restored Bertie to His Home Told to the Imprisoned Banker. shorty, the head hallman, paused at the door

of the prison hospital and laid down his tray of empties. He was sorry for the old Colonel, who had just returned his dinner scarcely tasted and sew was sitting with head on his hand. What is it, Colonel," he began "whin you

somethin' to-day that reminds you of what happened years ago" What names does you call "Why, you must mean a coincidence," replied

the old banker. That's it, Colonel, a coincidence. Well, one struck me jest now whin I lukked out into the erest and seed a little boy fast asleep on the grass; and if you don't mind, I'll jest be tellin' you the collecturs that coincidence brought back.

'li was some years ago, Colonel, but I don't maimber the exact date. At all events, it was the spring of the year, and I was tromping t'roo follerin' old Greeley's adwise at the rate d about five laps a day. For about a week I had been conscious of a restraint in the feelin's of the populace. The hired man with a pitchfork and the savage dog without a chain was unuselly in ividence; and the broken pieces I might get from the one, and the cold bites from the der was not up to my notions of a solid meal. You know, Colonel, that we hoboes, out of love for our kind, in order that he who tramps may twig, puts a white chalk mark on the fence or pos of a house where we gits good treatment, and a fidchalk mark wherever we gits the frozen and the fre, to take bot' extremes of inhospitalibility. Wall, of the two pieces, ekal in lengt', which I had begged off a schoolbye the white one remained in its pristing perfectun, while the rid one was rejuced to the proportions of a pea. So I wondered, whedder the distimper or some udder epidimic was t'reatenin', nor was my perplixity lessened by seein' each day a dark cloud hang over a certein portun of the horizon, while by night, in about the same place there'd be a brightness reflicted in the heavings. Then all of a sudding I kem upon a industral army, marching on to Vashington, in the interist of good roads. Of course, Colonel, I soon diskivered some friends. It was 'Shorty' here and 'Shorty' there, on all sides; with now a foamin' can and now a savory knucklebone forced on my unwillin' grasp; while with a unanimous voice the questun was pressed, 'you goin' along with us, aint you, Shorty" It was hard to resist their importun'ties, Colonel.

"I said to Jack Reardon, a decent young feller, whom I had ofting had in the hall with me, and niver found up to low-down tricks, a sea-faring man and a sodger, whin the trampin' fever wasn't on him, and who unly got in trouble becauz he was too easy and free, too free with his money. Colonel, and too easy to git full; well, as I said to Jack Reardon: 'For why Jack, are you going on this experditun" There ain't no for why about it, I'm jest goin', were his answer; and thim was the sintiments of t'ree fourt's of the crowd.

But not all, Colonel. There was long timers, jest out of quod, old lags with bot' eyes preled for trouble, and as diff rint from the pore hoboes as a mad dog is diff rint from a stray tabby cat. So there was plinty of reason why the people should be up in arms with their rail fences burned up, and he men knocked down, and the wimmin skeered tigh to death. As I remarked to Jack, that ere bute was ruined for manny a year, and so, indeed were. One of the most uproarus gangs that but out from the line now and thin, allus kem lack with their arms and skins full, was led by lanky darkey with yaller in his eyes and a black bok about the mout' whin he showed his teet'. Now, I've no objections to colored folks, Colonel Whin they're good, they're kind and obleegin but a bad nigger I allus figgered as about a tough t'ing as was goin'. And I've observed, too, hat whin a negro not unly associates with the whites but becomes their leader, it's by virtoo of his evil scoperiority that he does so. So I says to Jack, says I. 'Jack, who is that coon?' 'He's a blue-gummed nigger,' says he, 'called Franswah, who's jest finished a tin-year bit at Joliet for highway robbery, and is now retarnin' to Washington, his native burg. I tuk a good look at him Colonel; and I t'ought, t'ought I. Franswah, if that tin year had been a twinty year, there'd been no

signs of grief in your native burg, I reckon." Colonel, there was an old feller called ius to Franswah while he was in the line, but niver wint off a raidin' with him. And the reason why he remained in the thick of the comp'ny

cius to Franswah while he was in the line, but niver wint off a raidin' with him. And the reason shy he remained in the thick of the comp'ny was becuz he carried a little boy, who luked as if he was used to better clothes than the duds he was all bundled up in, and who had an exprission around his big blue eyes as if he had had long fair curis afore his hair had been cut so uight and ragged, a high blooded boy. I'd awear, notwithstandin' his comp'ny, jest as you kin pick out a t'cough-brid, even if he has strayed into a collicium of condimned old canal nags.

"I t'ink it was this that prevented Jack and me from shootin' the hull push, arter a while, and goin off by our lonesomes; for whin I perposed it, he said. What about the little lad." What do you know about him, annyway? I answered, a sparrin' for time. And thin he explained that it was Franswah and no one else that had brought the boy to the army, whin he jined jest outside of Cleveland, and that it was his delibritie jedgment that the chile had been stole by the yaller divil. But. I objicted. 'wudn't the cops and the Sacret Sarvice men be huntin' t'roo sech a gatherin' of the wins illimin as this if a kid was missum?" That depinds, says he, and his arreymint was sound. 'S'posin' that Franswah, whin he kem out, wint to Chicago, as was nateral, and happened acreat the boy on the street and nabled him. S'posin' he thin tuk the fust train East, why he cud have been to Cleveland and marchin' with the army afore the perfice had got t'roo sweepin' the town for a lost child. Why, too, he continered, should they timk of lukkin' here radder than to the South or Wistor Nort' there are plinty of childer a marchin' with their parients, and there's trut' in the old sayin', so there is, that they's safety in numbers. So agra I ask, how about the little boy, Shorty? says he. I stick', says I, and with that we struck hands and agreed, so we did, to do our bounding juty, and in some way retarn the kid to his parents.

I takes no credit for it, Colonel. Anny man with remim

urdy stood

The movement in favor of good roads was inin flely adjourned.

Franswah, he didn't wait for anny argumint,
and needer did I. Straight as a bee he med for
Georgetown, and straight as annuder I followered
arter. Over the breige we wint, and up the dusty
bas to a disrip'table sittlemint of blacks and
whites, and into the leeriest hut of thim all I seen
him disappear. I sneaked around to wan side,
Colonel, and managed to squint in troo the winder;
and there was the little boy, sure enough, fast
salespon top of an old trunk. I didn't stop longer
o obsarve, but scooted down and over, and
breathed freer, so I did, whin my feet was in the
Washington heath, and my name it were Shorty.
I've seen tough joints in my day, and my nights,
too, for that matter, but niver did I see a spot with
so manny signs hung out of battle, murder and
suddint deat' for all intruders.

I got back to the Capitol at lengt', Colonel.
There was Jack a waitin' for me on the stips.
I liped Franswah to a little shebang acrost the
fiver, says I. 'And I tiped Daffy to the same
place, says he, which is kep' by the coon's folks,
and the child, he is still there. I knows it,
says I, 'now what's up to us to do?' We argled
and argied, for what you or anny odder respictable pusson wild do, appeal to the perlice, we
widn't do, nowhow. So what nixt, was the
nied us, will, there was the press. Why shouldn't we fust diskiver whedder there was anny news
of a chil' bein' stole, and thin give the reporters
a charet for a scoop' So, it was finally agreed,
that Jack, bein' better lukkin, and more accurthat Jack, bein' better lukkin, and more accur-

offices, while I waited his retarn on the National reserve.

"It was monstrus quiet, on the stips, Colonel, there bein' very few visitors in town and Corgress havin' adjourned. I got tired of wonderin' how high the dum was, and jest mosted in and tuk a journey of inspictun t'roo the halls of state. Finally I kem to a great high space, all set around with white figgers, which I've sence larned is called Statootory Hall, on account of the statoots which Congriss turns out. I was standin' in front of a high wan, with a frockcut on that wad fit Chang. The Chine giant, to oquick, and had jest mustered to Meet Ruin From an Iron Can. offices, while I waited his retarn on the National reserve.

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If gave a start and fust lukked up at the firm white hips and thin dedged quick behind the statoc. There was nobody anny where, excipt the young couple, cool: 'togedder, on the soly full histor feet was re.

There was nobody there, there was nobody anny where, excipt the young couple, coolii togedder, on the sofy full sixty feet away. And yit, Berie, 'Immogane,' thim was the names the little boy had said; perhans there was aperruts in the halt and they was doin' their list to give me a straight tip. I t'ought of the tales I had heered. Colonel, of how angels sometimes come down and watch over the innercent, coverin' up babes in the woods, and leadin' lost childer t'roo the dark, safe hum agus, and I resolved, I did, that if anny of thim soopernateral bein's had condescinded to take me as their eartly agint, they'd find me good woods to they should, if I got a palsy in the operature So, with my knees rappin' like a minstrel man's bones, I took my statun agin in front of the statoo; and no sooper was I there then the two vices me

as their eart'ly agint, they'd find me good wood, so they should, if I got a palsy in the operature. So, with my kneer rappin' like a minstrei man's bones, I took my statun agin in front of the statoc; and no sooner was I there then the two vices assomed their uneart'ly communicaturs.

"As near as I cud make out, Colonel, the two pussons talkin' was a young man and woman, and his name was Raiph and her name was Immogame. They was lovers, so it seemed, and her elder sister with whom she lived was opposed to the match, becur he was nothin but a leitenant in the righer army, with no fortune but his rew. And they had met in some place or udder wheriver they was, and she was in great distriss and he was comfortin' her. By this time, Colonel, I was so interisted in the tale, and so bewitched by the swateness of the young gal's tones, that I'd forgotten all about the sperruts and the angels and sech, and somehow or nudder, had faced about and was watchin' the couple a whisperin' togedder, way off there at the furder ind. And lest thin the mysterus conversatun continoed in this wise. 'And now Ralph,' says the swate female vice, I must say adoo. My pore distracted sister retarns to Chicago to-night, havin' come all this way, stoppin' at ivery town in fruitless quist of dear little Bertie. Oh, if you unly could be instrumintal in restorin' him to ber, thin, yis thin, our mootal affectun might not be so hopeless.' Oh, tell me, dearist, 'says the male vice, all trinulous with emotings, 'tell me is there not the merset, faintest clue, on which I cudact.' 'Nothin, says she, 'nothin' excipt whin sister went into the shop, outer of which little Bertie ran as he often had in the same dear naughty way, she tought she caught a glimpse of a colored butler we used to bave who winto the bad, named Franswah.

"Colonel, I cud stand it no longer. All this while, the lips of the young courle on the acfy had been movin' in exact accordince with what the vices said. There was no two ways about it, mirac' lous though it was, by some had I

in my life.

Shorty is my Christun name. Ameriky, my natun. Jails is my ristun place. And trampin' my salwatun.

says I, and thin, Colonel, in succumstantal languidge, I described my journey to Washington with the industrial army, and how a valler coon amed Franswah had a little boy with him who called hisself Bertie and cried for Aunt Immographe and all the risk called hisself Bertie and cried for Aunt Immogane, and all the rist.

"But how did you know where to find us" she ass after the fust exclosure of jy had susided.
"I don't know.' I answered, my kneess rappin agin, wices kem to me, brought by the angels,

I gone know. I answered, my knees rappia agin, 'vices kem to me, brought by the angels, I guess.'

"Oh, I see,' she cried, laughin' but blushin' too, 'this hall is full of echoes, didn't you know? And you have happened to stand jest where you could hear ivery wud we said.

"Echoes, I repeated, 'thiobones, I should say, and in fust-class workin' order."

"The rist is soon told, Colonel, Under the guidance of me and Jack, Letterant Ralph, with a few of his dough-boys at his back, claned out the shebang, and restored little Bert to his mother's arms. And of course, she give her consint to his uning with Aunt Immogane, and they was happy iver arter. Of course, too, they wanted to do somethin' for me; but 'no', says I, I've got me graft, and it soots my peculiar dispositum. Let me go my way, and be happy in it, as you are in your'n. Perhaps, I may come past your rapch at odd times, and thin I'll make so bold as to work your back dure, and put a white chalk mark on your gate-post for the rist of the boys. But Jack, here, I concluded, 'ain't habitulated to the road. Put him in the way to make an honest livin' and you won't grift!"

"And so they did. Colonel, and so they didn't.

to the road. Put him in the way to make an honest livin' and you wont regrit it.

"And so they did, Colonel, and so they didn't. The Leftenant got him back into the sarvice, and made no mistake by doin' so; for Jack sarved him fait'ful as his striker until a Mauser bullet bored a holet roo him at San Wan hill. And that's the story—so it is—that the sight of the lad layin' asleep out on the lawn brought back to my mind, where it has been clane forgot for manny a year." "That's all very well," said the old Colonel, "but I don't see where the coincidence comes in " "You don't. Colonel," replied Shorty, with every line and wrinkle twisted into a smirk, "you don't see any coincidince betune a little boy asleep and a little boy bein' stole! Tink a bit, and thin you'll agree with me that each was a case of kid nappin."

Yep," said the man with the crooked fingers, I'm out of the game for good. As long as a man was required only to know the rules of the game, keep away from the booze and make a good showing with the stick and on the bases I could hold up my end with any of them But when it renched a point where you had to subscribe to ail the scientific magazines and keep track of scientific discoveries in order to keep on the payroli I quit. The only trouble was I didn't get wise ! soon enough. Hot air I knew a lot about, but liquid air was a new one on me, and that caused the trouble. It was hard to lose the pennant, but it couldn't be helped, and just because I happened to tell the manager what his batting average was I don't see why I should have got the blacklist. But I did, and perhaps it's a good thing. My tricks are all dead ones, I guess," and the cicum of science sighed heavily.

"You see, it was this way," he continued. had grown a little slow for the big League, but I was still fast enough for any of the smaller Leagues. and it wasn't a very hard job to catch on. Handed a place up in one of those dinky State Leagues in New England, and the team I was with was making a strong bid for the pennant. Three clubs ran pretty even all through the season, and finally the race narrowed down to the team I was with and one in a town about twenty miles away. We won a dozen straight games on our own grounds and were to wind up the season with this other leam I speak about on their grounds.

"There was a series of three games to be played there, and that series would decide the championship. Before we left home the manager and the Board of Directors gave us a long talk, telling us to keep away from the red stuff, play ball and win the pennant and there would be an extra bunch of coin waiting for us. Of course, we made all sorts of promises, and when we left the whole town was out to see us off, and a couple of hundred rooters went along with us and took a band. At the town where the final games were to be played we were met by the opposing team, a band and thousands of cranks. A parade was organized and we were escorted to our hotel by half the town. "Before we went out to the grounds the mane

ger called us into his room and read us the not act. We were warned to glay the game of our lives, and in?particular were instructed to look out for sharp tricks. He also spoke of dirty ball. batthere wasn't a bt in that line we had to learn for all the little fancy tricks of spiking and that sort of thing were familiar to all of us. Some of the men had played in the Texas League, and they knew more than the rest of us. But, as I said, there wasn't any man on the team but was acquainted with the game, and all we wanted was a square deal.

"By the time we reached the grounds there wasn't room for another person to squeeze in. We looked

See and the control of the control o

cane out. I showed them the fee and said some thing about the iron can on the line market. Then the manker did open on me.

"A fine thing you are to be playing ball!" said he. "Why any one with sense would have tumbled to the face but they were using liquid air to free that water. Why didn't you call my attention to it? That's the trouble with having an ignorant man or a team. Perhaps you never heard of liquid air a And you talking scientific ball! If there's and aer man."
"Right here, got back in the game and told him a few triates. One of the crowd pulled the club out of my hand then, and they got lim away. But I didn't go back to the town for my clothes, I sent for them had went home. The first thing I did was to get a book that told cloud liquid air. After reading that I was satisfied that baseball was too scientific for me to make my living at, and went back to the forge. I never heard any more about the caretaker that worked in the lee on me, but if he ever should happen to come in here he learns a feet things about hot air that might interest him," and the man with the crooked fingers made the anyling.

FINH AND LOVE STORIES MIXED.

The Major Tells of a Lost Ring, a Lovers' Quarrel and a Reconciliation.

"The queerest fish story I ever heard, and I may add, the truest one," said the Major, happened to me and to the lady who is now my wife, but she was not so at the time of my story and I was very much afraid she would not be. A young fellow at that period of his life is always more or less affected with a scared feeling when the dearest object on earth to him has her doubts as to whether he is the one. I was 25 then and she was 20, and we were spend ing the summer along the shore of one of th larger New England lakes. Within a week of our first meeting. I was as madly in love with Mary as I could possibly be. I proposed to ber and she accepted me on the spot. We did not announce our engagement, for times then were not so formal as now, but we exchanged rings, she giving me a very pretty small seal affair

When we had been engaged for a month Marwent away for a week. I became so dreadfully lonely that I sought the society of pretty Jane Alden as a relief, the said Jane Aiden being the girl to whom I scarcely dared speak when Mary was any where in sight. You may have observed that almost every girl with a sweetheart, no matter how sure she is of his unutterable and everlasting devotion and lovalty, is never quite con tent when some one particular other girl is within speaking distance of her heart's choice.

Mary was expected to return by the 6 o'clock stage on Saturday evening, and that morning Jane and I took a farewell row on the lake. When we returned and came up to the hotel, Mary was just getting out of the stage, having come in six hours ahead of time, solely for my benefit. When she saw me coming up from the boat, smiling at Jane, she looked anything but pleasant. Three "By the time we teached the grounds there wasn't room for another person to squeeze in. We looked at the crowd and I said to the manager. Well, Tom, even if we lose the gate money will make a showing." Never used the gate money will make a showing. Never used they gate money, says he, you get in there and play the game, and see that you don't get fooled by some old dodge. Go into the bases feet first and keep your spikes clean. Get 'em clogged with dirt and they're no use. And watch the bench. I'll be there to tip off the play, and if you make a slip it means a month's salary." "Now that wasn't very encouraging, but before I had time to tells back the bell rong for us to go out for practice, and then I forgot abouteverything but winning the game. I had played in some fierce games, but that was the real thing. Not that I was especially dirty, but every man was there to win and took chances. The score was a tee when we want to has for the last time, and felt that I was especially dirty, but every man was there to win and took chances. The score was a tee when we want to has for the last time, and felt that I was expectally dirty, but every man was there to win and took chances. The score was a tee when we want to has for the last time, and felt that I was a marity. I denied the charge quite as vigorously as she accused man was out and we had won the first game out good rooters and their band whooped tup, and insisted on drawing us back to the hotel. That night the manager wouldn't let us out of our rooms. All of us were a little sore, and I felt that less to the hotel. The more than the rest. I'm naturally a humble man, but winning that game made me pretty well satisfied with tayes of an I knew the crowd would want to seem a little was no gro.

Both that all had two did to make still had the charge quite as vigorously as she accused may be made and left that I was a marity. I denied the charge quite as vigorously as she accused may be made and left that I was a marity. I denied the charge quite as vigorously as s hours later we sat in her rowboat on the lake and while I meekly listened to what she had to say

inte for Deadly Weapons - Rejected Pleas. Hurrie Chunder Monkerlee, pride of Bow Bazar. Owner of a native press, "Barrishter at Lar. Waited on the Government with a claim to wear Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

New York is full of gentlemen whose ambitions

- Departmental Ditties

are substantially those of Mr. Kipling's Oriental hero. They do not hanker after "sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair," precisely, because the local fashions do not lean to those styles of weapon; nor do they wait on the Government. nine times out of ten, for the reason that they prefer to supply themselves with weapons privately and take the change of the law. An astonishingly large proportion of the local population goes habitually armed with revolvers, and not a few with dagger, unlawful knife, stiletto or tazet according to race, class and occupation. It is safe to say that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the armament is entirely without sense or instification. By the estimate of an experienced police official of this city there are not much fewer than 15,000 persons in the Borough of Manhattan alone who carry weapons illegally

The only weapon which a man can legally carry in this city, except where he is corrying arms in ordinary transportation or as a member of a military organization, is the revolver, and the ordinary citizen may not carry this firearm without a permit, Judges of the Federal, State, or city courts and officers of the Federal, State, or city governments are exempted from this rejuirement. According to statute any person who with intent to use such a weapon upon another carries a slungshot, billy, sand-club, metal knuckles dagger, dirk or dangerous knife" is guilty of a felony, and no person under 18 years of age may carry any deadly weapon. The possession of these weapons is proof presumptive of the intent to use them against another except that the law does not apply to the ordinary transportation of the weapons. Any knife, the longest of whose blades exceeds six inches, is regarded as danger ousin the legal sense.

In order to get a permit to carry a revolver personal application must be made at the stationhouse in the precinct where the applicant lives. This application is made to the police captain. who hands the applicant a blank form upon which he writes his name, age, occupation, address and the reason of reasons why he should be permitted go armed. In cases where the applicant is known to the captain to be a reputable and responsible citizen of good character the application is forwarded to Police Headquarters with a recommendation. In the case of a man unknown to the captain investigation is made and often references are required, and unless all is satisfactory the application is not forwarded. Once sent to Police Headquarters there are required the signature of the Chief of Police and the payment of a \$2.50 fee to make the permit operative for a year. It may be renewed at the end of the year unless something against the character of the holder has turned up in the meantime. In general it may be said that any man of good and steady character whose occupation is such as to involve his being in unsavory or lonely localities at night will have no difficulty in obtaining the desired permit. Practically all night watchmen have permits to carry pistols, and many bank and express messengers and men who carry considerable sums of money from one place to another, even though the transportation be by day. Newspaper men who do night work can get these permits, though the police records, show that very few reporters apply for them. The police look kindly upon applications from commuters who go to their suburban homes after nightfall. "Dogs" says the commuter, and the police captain, who has probably had to deal with suspicious and belligerent noo turnal dog at some period of his career, willingly forwards the application.

Unsatisfactory reason given is the cause of the rejection of most applications of this sort. Alle gation of the necessity of self-defence in a specific case will always result in a refusal, for the police do not grant permits for the purpose of facilitating duels upon the public highways between citizens who have causes of offence against each other.

MEN WHO CARRY WEAPONS.

REASONS GIVEN TO THE POLICE
FOR A DESIRE TO GO ARMED.

Commuters and Night Watchmen Among
the Holders of Revolver Permits—Applications From Insane Persons—A Substitute for Deadly Weapons—Rejected Pleas. other man down, rolled him downstairs and then imped from the highest stair on top of him. The prisoner pleaded self-defence, but so woeful was the plight of his victim that he would have been held for trial had not the police captain come forward and told what he knew of the case. The privated and told what he knew of the case. The prisoner was discharged, licaming gratefully he turned upon the capitaln and somewhat to the embarrassment of that official said:

"You was righd, Herr Capitain. I done it yust like you say und I didn't need no pistol nor per mids nor noddings. He don'd bodder me no more, I bed you somedings."

A SPANISH WOMAN WHO FIGHTS.

Senora Gamundi Rended a Revolt of Pris

oners Held by Filipinos. MANILA, Feb. 11. The Spanish Commission estimates the number of Spanish subjects yet in the hands of the rebels at 1,100. Stories of their wretched condition are coming into Manila daily. They are on the verge of starving, for the mountains where they are detained can provide very little food and the Americans are holding the principal towns round about. Senora Gamundi. wife of Second Lieut Pedro Gamundi, is among the 800 prisoners now held in the hills surrounding Mount Cristobal, at whose base is the village of Deletes. The district contains many rebels of the worst class, men who have done no work for the last three years and have lived by carrying a rifle and preying on the inhabitants.

herself a Castilian Joan of Are by putting herself at the head of the forlorn band and defying the Filipino keepers. Arming her male companions with sharp sticks and stones, she led a wild charge which came very near effecting the liberty of the entire lot. She is a type of the natives of Galicia in Spain. She is slight of build and has long auburn hair and a fair skin. Unable long to endure the indignities to which her comrades were subjected she at last started the revolt which she had been secretly urging the men themselves to make. "To be killed is better than to starve. she declared one day, "and we can at least enjoy a

"It will be useless to try. We shall only be killed or else be compelled to submit to further torture," the men said. "The Hilipinos have guns and will shoot us down like dogs."

"Follow me, then, ye cowards!" she cried She seized a club and a stone. Her spirit in spired a short period of despairing reckless daring among the officers and men around her. In

an instant there was a riot. The Filipino guards yelled "Hialto" and in vain raised their rifles threateningly. The foremost received a thwack from the suck in Senora Gamunoi's hands and he dro-ped his gun and fled for his life. This was all that was necessary to start the movement. Let a rilipino become panic stricken and run and his comrades will quickly follow. Guns were abandoned by the keepers and picked up by the Spaniards. A general alarm was sounded throughout Malvar's camp.

"The Spanish are escaping!" was the cry.

Senora Gamundi and her band already began to taste the sweets of victory. "To San Pablo!" for the prisoners toward the American camp. But San Pablo was distantand the mountain trails were difficult. The Filipinos hastened to head them off, well knowing there would be little danger to themselves for the prisoners had picked up only a few guns and for these they had no ammunition. And so at last the riving was quelled. Sooner than be shot down the Spaniards halted. Their capture closed in with jeers and marched them back again to prison. Since then the Filipinos have looked upon Senora Gamundi with wonder. They have many times charged her with being an Americana, firmly believing she was disguising herself by her tongue. "Only an American woman would be so brave." they reason. "It is not in the Spanish."

THE EVICTION OF SOCRATES.

A Downtown Contest Between a Corporation and a Cat-No Bets on Result

Where the contest is between a corporation and a cat it is easy to pick the winner. For this reason little money changed hands on the result of a conflict that has been going on for the last month in Liberty street. The throng that has passed through this street from day one of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of cance of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of cance of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of cance of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of cance of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of the most interesting chapters in the bookiet deals with the actinistic of an old of actinities of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and actinities of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and actinities of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and actinities of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and actinities of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and actinities of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and actinities of a ctual age as a standard. It by no nor, and actinities of a ctual age as a standard. It by nor nor, an car life that has been enacted near by.

CLUBS TO SAVE THE BOYS.

FATHER QUINN'S BOOKLET ON RE SUCCESSFUL METHODS.

Boys of the Working Class Over Thirteen

Years Old Brought Into Religious or Semi-Religious Societies - Some General Rules for Keeping Them Interested. The first booklet of the 'Boy Savers' Series," written by the Rev. Father George E. Quinn, S. J., contains some novel suggestions bearing on the organization of boy societies of a religious or semi-religious nature. Father Quinn concerns himself, of course, with none but the youth of the Roman Catholic Church, but it seems possible that the methods he advocates can be successfully applied to boy societies under the control of any denomination. The youngsters dealt with are boys of the working class who have passed the thirteenth year and are at a period of life that, because of its plasticity, is most critical and most deserving of attention. The author suggests no definite kind of union and offers only general features applicable to every juvenile body. Success, he declares, depends, not so much on the choice, as an the proper management of the association formed. Each organizer is himself the best and most complete constitution for his fraternity and he should holdly inscribe on its escute been the autocratic motto l'elat c'est mot. Father Quinn has evidently studied the subject from the convincing viewpoint of experience, which is attested by the reproduction in the booklet of a photograph of the Sociality of St. Alovsius of St. Joseph's Church at Troy, designated by the author as his four hundred credentials. Senora Gamundi, so the story goes, has proved | The advice as to the first steps in organizing these boy societies is addressed chiefly to priests, butlaymen willing to work by themselves for boys with the co-operation of the clergy, are also included.

In outlining his plan of action Father Quinn ruthlessly upsets many well-established ideas concerning the essential requirements of such an apostolate. He holds, for instance, that charm of manner, or personal magnetism, is not vitally necessary in the organizer and that many are successful without such gifts.

He says of himself that while never at a loss for expedients to lead hundreds of boys, he nevertheless began, continues and must finish without personal case in juvenile intercourse. He conesses to an insurmountable suffness and awkwardness toward youngsters in all transactions not of a purely religious character. Father Quinn asserts, in so many words, that method is better than magnetism and that by grading membership, nursing fidelity to rule, simplifying instructions, diversifying and popularizing religious meetan instant there was a riot. The Filipino guards | ings and the like, the non-fa-cinating, commonplace worker is able to form a society upon a basis of lasting success. Common observation attests that juveniles are far enough removed from utter callousness to gather frequently about a real benefactor, not altogether silly nor radically distasteful, and to warm to him at least sufficiently for any service free from onerous obligations. Father Quinn makes light of the fears of some would be organizers over the amount of time which must be devoted to the project. Excessive emphasis, he declares, cannot be placed on the keynore of this situation, that boys should gather boys. The director who must look up recruits is hardly

empetent to organize and the author deprecates the common practice of attempting to secure attendance by appeals from the altar and by begging parents to see that their sons are pres ent at the meetings. In the opinion of Father Quinn, the organization is bardly worth having unless a majority of the members are desirous of attending whether parents so desire or not. He advocates a small beginning and warms organizers against public announcement and bress berd factics, which are so often followed by large but rapidly disappearing groups of charter members. When kindness, attraction, heavity of religious exercises, &c., shall have once commended the society to the little band of farster mers, then it is time, he says, to let it expand gradually, under steady maintenance of rule, and with the gates of suspension, like theatre exits, always in sight. No sinking fund of cash, labor or anxiety is necessary, nor are the erection of costly buildings or prolonged courses of preparatory study of the management of boys essential to a successful initiation of the scheme in any parish or section of a community. unless a majority of the members are destrous of

of a community.

One of the most interesting chapters in the

more that a serior determined of that structure is the multitude has falled to produce one individual with sufficient islure to give more than a passing through to the trangely more than a passing through to the trangely more than a passing through to the trangely more than a passing through the through the has been stilling in solemn molitation, from morning till night on a docsterp just across the actors, morardilly wasteline the destruction of the passing through the passing thr